Please READ TO ME
STUNT-ENGINE RYAN
And Other Thomas The Tank Engine Stories
RYAN
G N R
Celebrating
10
Years

This is my book.
My name is

.....

Will you please read it to me?

Thank you.

STUNT-ENGINE RYAN

And Other Thomas The Tank Engine Stories

A Custom PICTUREBACK Book
Photographs by Cameran Case for own YouTube production of *Thomas The Tank Engine Adventures*.

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE & FRIENDS
Based on The Railway Series by Rev. W. Awdry
Created by Britt Allcroft
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I. Children's stories, English. {1. Railroads--Trains--Fiction}
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STUNT-ENGINE RYAN

Duck's branch line lives on the western coast of the Island of Sodor. Lots of vacationers come to see the seaside scenery and rocky terrain. Mainly, the vacationers travel on Duck and Ryan. While Ryan does work for Duck, he also works by the fishing village in Harwick with Arthur. One afternoon, Ryan was complaining.

"We've got too much work to do." He panted. "I want to do something entertaining."

"This is your entertainment, Ryan." Duck was showing the passengers enjoying the scenery.

“And fish too.” Arthur sniffed.

Ryan was not interested. “I want to do something fun and exciting, just to please an audience.”

Duck wanted to cheer up Ryan. “I’m sure you’re already pleasing an audience by taking them to–”

“I know!” Ryan interrupted. “I’ll do a stunt! That’ll please them!”

“You can’t.” Arthur responded. “It’s impossible.”

“Oh just you wait and see. I’ll show you! I’ll show you!”

And Ryan puffed away leaving the coaches behind.

Duck was concerned. “This is the second time he’s left the coaches behind.”

“I’ll take them.” Arthur checked in. “What’s he got to do doing a stunt? Ryan’s not like Evel Knievel where he jumps off land, he’s too heavy.”

“He’ll be back soon.” Duck said. “It’s likely that this would be the most unrealistic thing an engine’s ever done.”

Ryan pulled up, and told the engines.

"What nonsense!" They would all say.

"Fancy an engine pulling that just to please an audience."

Later that evening, Duck asked one of them about what Ryan said.

"He's going to perform smashing head first at full speed, straight into a cliffside to see if he can break through it."

"That'll put him at risk of lethal damage to himself." Duck predicted.

"Ryan would like you to watch him tomorrow at noon at the site," said another.

"He's wanting to get pleasure."

Duck was worried about what was going to happen to Ryan tomorrow, "This won't be good."

When Tomorrow came, Duck went to the site where Ryan's stunt would be held. Arthur was there, and so were viewers on the other side of the rails.

"Ryan's putting himself at risk of getting scrapped." whimpered Arthur.

"This is not the way to achieve pleasure." Duck added.

When the clock struck noon, there was a loud and long whistle... and there was Ryan chuffing heavily at maximum speed.

"Look out for me! Here comes The Purple Ryder!"

He came into view and WHOOSHED right passed Duck, Arthur, and his audience.

"This won't end well..." both the engines looked at each other.

Unfortunately, it did...

CRASH!

Ryan's driver and fireman jumped off the cab before it happened, what laid in front of everyone's eyes was a boiler crushed Ryan engulfed in smoke.

"Ta-Da!" groaned Ryan from within.

After Ryan had been freed from the rock, Sir Topham Hatt spoke severely to his crew, then to Ryan.

“Performing a stunt like this is very dangerous and could put someone in serious harm. Luckily, no one was hurt from this.”

“Yas Sar.” Ryan slurred, he had lost some teeth from the impact of the crash.

“Because of this, you have caused yourself and anyone confusion and delay.” He concluded. “Duck and Arthur, please take Ryan to The Works at once.” He ordered.

Duck and Arthur watched sadly as Ryan was taken away to The Works. Ryan was so damaged, this took a long time to get him restored.

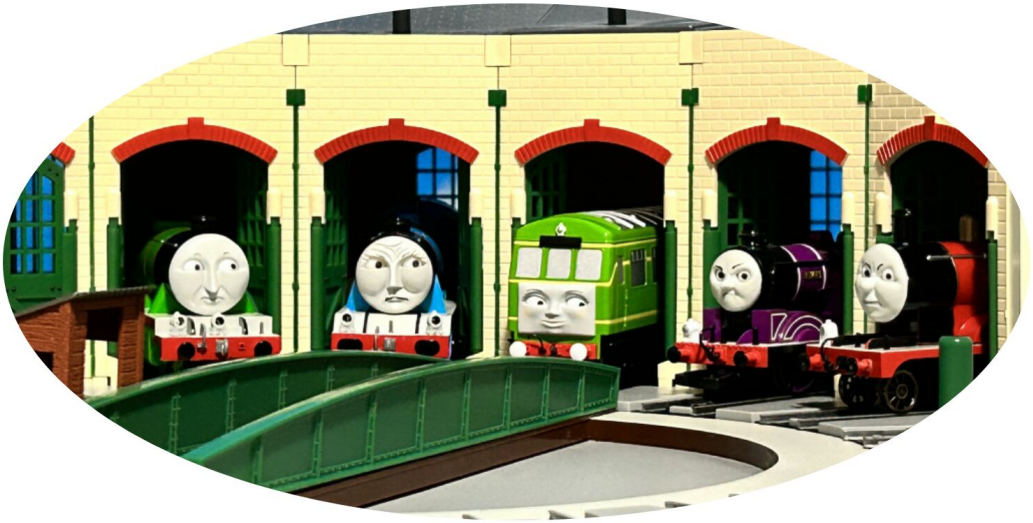
A quarter of a year later, Duck came to see Ryan.

“Hello Ryan.” He greeted him. “and sorry about your stunt.”

“No Duck. I’m sorry, sorry to complain about being entertaining. I shouldn’t have attempted to do this crash. I now prefer to be hauling goods and passengers than that.”

“I’ll admit though, you certainly got your entertainment from that crash though. Only 12% of your audience liked it, and it was kind of funny.”

And Duck’s crew chuckled, while Ryan could weakly smile.



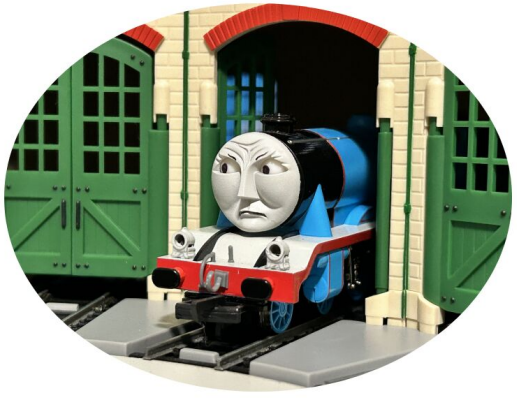
ON SHED-ULE!

Strong winds were buffeting the Island of Sodor. The engines were finding work difficult. Trains were often delayed, if not cancelled, due to line obstructions.

One evening, the big engines were huddled in the shed, listening to the howling gales. Daisy, the Diesel Railcar, had taken shelter with them.

"The wind ripped a crossing gate right off its post!" she explained. "Poor Thomas' front end was awfully damaged. They were still removing bits of fencing when I was ordered to stay here!"

"Pah," sniffed Gordon, "count on a small engine to be impeded by a few toothpicks."



Before Daisy could reply, Henry backed into the shed, grumbling dreadfully.

"The Kipper's been cancelled," he fumed. "Bother - I was looking forward to a nice evening run!"

"Not you too, Henry," groaned Gordon, "a little wind shouldn't stop engines like us!"

"Fat Controller's orders, Gordon," Henry retorted, "he doesn't think the vans can weather the
winds."
"You're just being silly," Gordon yawned. "You watch me tomorrow - I'll be right on schedule,
whatever the weather."

Though still strong, the winds had lessened by morning. Gordon had just left on his first express run, but was not enjoying himself. Speed restrictions were in place, and no matter how fast he tried to go, his driver held him back.

“Calm down, Gordon!” scolded his driver. “I’ve already got the storms to worry about - I don’t need you trying to knock me out of the cab!”

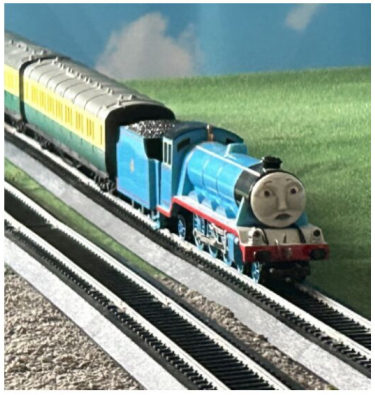
“It’s shameful, it’s shameful!” Gordon grunted, and begrudgingly slowed down.

Leading up to Edward's station, the main line is surrounded by farmer's fields. One farmer, who worked closer to the line, had recently built a small shed for his equipment. He was pleased with his handiwork, but didn't realize how lightweight the structure was. Too easily, the strong winds picked up the shed and blew it across the field.

Gordon felt uncomfortable. The wind picked up again, and cold rain stung his face as he forged
along the line.

"I can't see a thing!" he groaned.

"That makes two of us," grunted the driver. "If we can just make it- GOOD GRIEF, WHAT'S THAT?!"

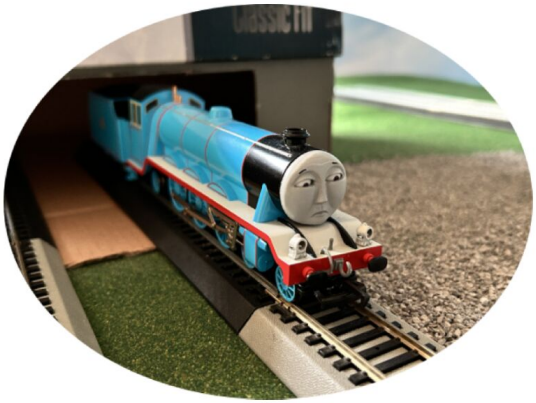


Gordon cracked open his eyes - a dark shape loomed on the line ahead! The driver slammed the brake, but the heavy coaches pushed them along the damp rails. Gordon shut his eyes and -

CRASH!

Gordon felt a jolt as his leading wheels left the rails and bounced on the sleepers. Luckily, his driving wheels stayed on the rails, and he finally came to a halt. Remnants of the wooden shed clung to his front end, which was feeling rather sore!

When the wind died down, James came to take the express. With Edward banking him up the hill, the only engines available to help Gordon were Bill and Ben!



"You're a sight for sore eyes," teased Ben. "Bent buffers, worn brakes - that's not the make of a proper express engine!"

"By the looks of it, he wouldn't even make a proper shed!" laughed Bill.

Gordon felt too worn out to retort! He was moved to a siding at Edward's station, mournfully waiting to be taken to the Works. He soon found himself being shunted onto Henry's goods train.

“Well, well, well,” chuckled Henry, “you were ‘on shed-ule’, alright! Be careful in future, will you? I’d much rather see you pulling the express than housing tools!”

For once, Gordon felt Henry’s words were worth heeding!

DAISY DOES IT BETTER

Thomas the tank engine loves his branch line with a burning passion. An update to his train had altered as Thomas now takes milk from the farms on his first train on Mondays, he was surprised to find a milk tanker fast asleep in the goods shed.

"Issit that time already?" yawned the tanker. "Oh, 'ello Thomas - nice to see you back."

"Glad to be back," smiled Thomas. "Ready for our run?"

"I don' 'fink so," the tanker yawned again, "I'm waitin' for Daisy."

Thomas was confused. "But...the milk goes on the first train...and *I'm* the first train!"

The yard manager heard the commotion and came over. “Haven’t you seen the schedule?” he asked.

“I just assumed we were back to the usual timetable,” blushed Thomas’ driver.

“This isn’t right,” huffed Thomas, “I’m *always* first to leave!"

“It’s Topham’s orders,” shrugged the yard manager, “probably wants to ease you back into service. Why don’t you rest a little longer?”

But Thomas didn’t do much resting, as he enviously watched Daisy and the tanker leave the station.

A few hours later, Thomas was running happily up the line with Annie and Clarabel. He whooshed through the tunnel and whistled at Terence before rounding the bend. He was excited and not taking care.

"Calm down, Thomas!" called Annie, "we're being bounced around back here!"

"My poor wheels!" wailed Clarabel.

The passengers were cross too. "What a bumpy ride! Daisy never jolts like this!"

Upon hearing that, Thomas slowed down at once. His smile fell to a frown, and he felt too sad to even whistle.

Further up the line, a stubborn cow stood on the rails, contently chewing grass. Thomas hissed steam and blew his whistle at it, but it was no good.

“Come on, move, MOVE!” he fumed. The cow took no notice - green grass was more captivating than a blue tank engine! Thomas was so busy hissing at the cow, he didn’t notice Daisy coming back up the line with the tanker.

“Save your steam, dearie,” she called, “I’ll settle this!”

Daisy gave a mighty hoot of her horn, and the cow trotted quickly away.

“Ol’ Bessie always seems to get loose,” she chuckled, “we must have a chat with the farmer about her!”

Thomas said nothing - he just puffed away, annoyed.

That night, Thomas backed into the sheds and found Daisy, waiting for him.

"Thank goodness you're here," she smiled, "Toby's stuck at the quarry, Percy's with his Mail Routine - I was worried I'd be alone tonight!"

"Oh, I'll bet you'd love to be alone anyway," scowled Thomas.

Daisy was taken aback. "I'm not sure I understand your meaning, dear."

"It's quite clear how perfectly the branch line has been when I'm not here," Thomas pouted, "everyone just *loves* you, don't they?"

"Would you rather we let it fall into confusion?" Daisy asked flatly.

"I'd rather it still be *my* branch line," grumbled Thomas. He shuffled into the darkness and promptly went to sleep, leaving a confused Daisy wide awake.

The next morning, Daisy went on her way with the milk tanker and the passengers. Thomas had been woken early and asked to sort out the trucks. He didn't like this one bit, and banged about the yard. The trucks wisely kept quiet!

Meanwhile, Terence the tractor was taking a cart of lumber into town. He was being driven by a young farmhand, who wasn't taking much care. Rather than using the level crossing, he drove Terence right across the rails!

"Ouch!" Terence cried, "just because I CAN go anywhere doesn't mean I SHOULD!"

The farmhand chuckled and ignored him. The cart jolted across the rails. Some of the lumber rattled loose, fell off the back and lay across the line. Neither Terence nor the farmhand noticed, and they continued on their way.

Daisy was coming back from the junction, and was still in a foul mood.

"Who does he think he is?" she grumbled to the tanker, "silly little tank engine."

"'E's a funny sort," the tanker replied, "but 'e does love this line."

Daisy was about to reply, when -

CRUNCH!

"Oooooo!" she cried, as she bumped off the rails and plowed into the field. Broken timber was caught in her axles. None of the passengers were hurt, but the line was well and truly blocked!

Thomas was still banging about the yard, when the Stationmaster came running.

"Daisy's off the line near Terence's field, will you take Annie and Clarabel fetch the passengers?"

Thomas stopped grumbling at once - he coupled to the coaches and raced up the line.

"We're coming, we're coming," he puffed with determination.

Thomas was relieved to see his passengers were unharmed, but felt most sorry for Daisy, she looked miserable! As the passengers climbed aboard the coaches, Duck arrived with the breakdown crane. Thomas rushed back to the top station as quickly as he could.

"Thank you, Thomas," smiled the passengers when he arrived, "we're glad you could come to our rescue!"

Thomas smiled, but knew the work was far from over!

Duck took Daisy to the works to be mended. While she was gone, Thomas worked extra hard doing Daisy's work as well as his own.

“Careful,” laughed the milk tanker as he was rocketed up the line, “or you’ll churn me to butter!”

There was no major damage done, and Daisy returned to the sheds the following evening.

“Thank you for your help,” she said to Thomas, “you really do go the extra mile for your passengers.”

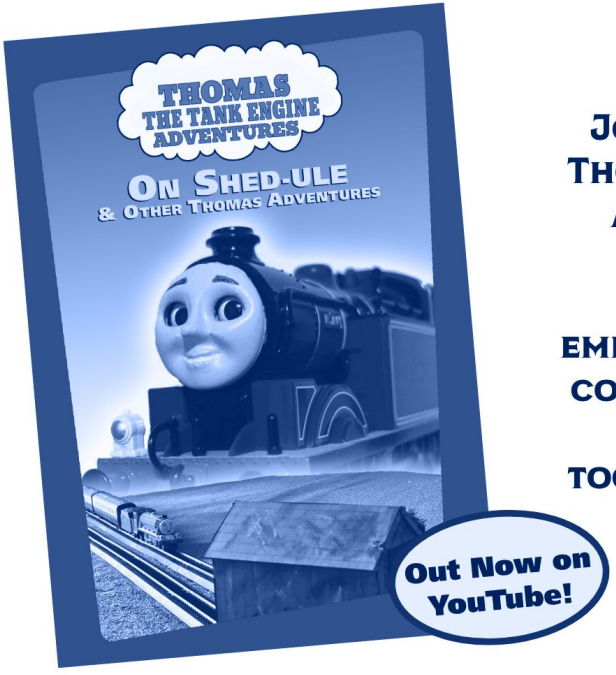
“*Our* passengers,” corrected Thomas. “I’m sorry I was so cross, the milk tanker told me how splendid you’ve been, in spite of a few hiccups.”

Daisy blushed. “I-I’d rather put that behind me,” she stuttered.

“Then we’ll say no more about it - or my prior rudeness - and start anew,” Thomas smiled.

“A grand idea,” Daisy grinned, and the two friends went happily to sleep.

Get ready for mishaps around every bend!



Join in the fun with Thomas, Gordon, Ryan, and Daisy in these all-new exciting stories about empathizing friendship, co-operation, and the fun of working together to overcome obstacles.

Look out for *Anthony's Origins & Other Thomas Stories* arriving March 4th on ThomasLover & ThomasLover Productions YouTube channels

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